Ham. Why looke you there, looke how it ſteales away,
My father in his habit as he liu'd,
Looke where he goes, euen now out at the portall. *Exit Ghoſt.*
Ger. This is the coynage of your braine,
This bodileſſe creation, extaſie is very cunning in
Ham. My pulſe as yours doth temperatly keepe time,
And makes as healthfull muſick, it is not madneſſe
That I haue vttred, bring me to the teſt,
And the matter will reword, which madneſſe
Would gambole from, Mother for loue of grace,
Lay not that flattering vnction to your ſoule
That not your treſpaſſe but my madneſſe ſpeakes,
It will but skin and filme the vlcerous place,
Whiles ranke corruption mining all within
Infects vnſeene: confeſſe your ſelfe to heauen,
Repent what's paſt, auoid what is to come,
And doe not ſpread the compoſt on the weeds
To make them ranker, forgiue me this my vertue,
For in the fatneſſe of theſe purſie times
Vertue it ſelfe of vice muſt pardon beg,
Yea curbe and wooe for leaue to doe him good.
Ger. O *Hamlet*! thou haſt cleft my hart in twaine.
Ham, O throw away the worſer part of it,
And leaue the purer with the other halfe,
Good night, but goe not to my Vncles bed,
Aſſume a vertue if you haue it not,
That monſter cuſtome, who all ſence doth eate
Of habits Deuill, is Angell yet in this
That to the vſe of actions faire and good,
He likewiſe giues a Frock or Liuerie
That aptly is put on to refraine night,
And that ſhall lend a kind of eaſineſſe
To the next abſtinence, the next more eaſie:
For vſe almoſt can change the ſtampe of nature,
And maſter the Deuill, or throw him out
With wondrous potencie: once more good night,
And when you are deſirous to be bleſt,
Ile bleſſing beg of you, for this ſame Lord
I doe repent; but heauen hath pleas'd it ſo

To

4 the very coynage 26 Aſſume 32 easines
35 And either the Deuil